



# Cabin



👁 62 ✓ 11 ★ 12

## Chapter 1 by Mia

I was certain that my cabin had been acting weird lately. When I opened the door from the toilet out to the hallway I suddenly stood in the kitchen. When I was stepping out from my bedroom to the living room I suddenly stood on the porch.

The weirdest thing happened yesterday. I sat on my bed doing my makeup with a mirror. In the mirror I could see the painting with the red haired guy behind me. He suddenly blinked at me. Atleast two-three times.

## Chapter 2 by Darigan



I guess I should have almost expected what happened when I woke up this morning. I had been almost too sleepy to catch it, but the bobbing of the bed up and down gave it away. When I moved to get to my feet, I realized that the entire thing, frame and all, was floating a good three feet above the floor. It crashed suddenly to the ground, and I winced, hoping that the hardwood hadn't been scratched.

As I brushed my teeth my reflection winked at me and as I tried to rub my eyes awake it winked again.

I was sick and tired of all of the mishaps going on and, scowling, leaned towards the mirror.

"What is your problem?"

Chapter 3 by Hayley

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I half expected a response. But the mirror showed only my face reddening with anger, toothpaste smudged at the corners. I knew I shouldn't have come here alone. We always came here together, to get away from school on the weekends to

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relax before exams. But the memories of my roommate still drifted through the cabin, the same way her whistling did in the years before her death.

I was too shaken to go to the lake after the events of the morning. Instead, I curled up in front of the empty fireplace with a book. Time slipped away as I became engrossed in a riveting murder mystery, and by dusk, I had finally relaxed. As I was finishing the last pages of the book, a glimmer of light caught my eye. Small sparks filled the empty hearth. I held my breath, watching them dance, reassuring myself that it must be fireflies that made their way down the chimney. Suddenly, the sparks burst into a roaring fire, floating midair. I screamed and ran to the kitchen, manically searching through the cabinets for a fire extinguisher. But when I turned back to the hearth, there was nothing.

I stood dumbfounded in the threshold of the living room, and that's when I heard it. That dreaded whistling. It was coming from the lake.

#### Chapter 4 by Faye Lynch



I had no intentions of leaving the cabin, but yet, I felt obligated to listen and follow. I felt the urge to take off for the lake but I held myself back. I tried to cover my ears but it didn't help. After the whistle made it's way through your ears it was stuck to your brain making it impossible to remove. It was horrible and made you feel absolutely mad. She called to me and I knew I had to follow or the whistle would continue for the eternity.

I opened the front door, not paying attention for a moment, and began to stumble into the pitch black of the hole. I knew immediately this was the cellar and did not appreciate the trap. I fell into the dark, falling flat on my face. I pushed my now soar body up off the dirt and began feeling around for the ladder. The first time this had happened, I was in much shock, but at this point it just frustrated me.

I ran my hands into the first wall and grazed it into the corner quite quickly. I began against the

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ones above. "This is not funny! Let me out!" I screamed at them over and over but they refused my demands.

I searched for the ladder again and again but it was pointless until I gave them what they wanted. I cried, not wanting to give it up. I slowly crumbled to the ground, covering my face, stalling.

## Chapter 6 by Hayley



I sobbed, rocking back and forth, trying to drown out the whistling. When I removed my hands from my face, there was a figure standing in front of me. In the darkness, I could only make out his silhouette, but I didn't have to see his blazing red hair to recognize the man from the painting.

"You," I said, my voice shaking with rage. "You made me do it. This wasn't my fault. It was always you."

He didn't move, but I could feel his sickening grin staring at me.

"Stop it!" I went to push him, but when I should have made contact with his shoulder, he disappeared.

I shook my head. I was not going crazy. I knew he was real. I saw him once before, last summer. All I wanted was to relax a little, to catch up on some sleep. But just after sunrise, I woke to the sound of my roommate whistling that awful tune. That's when I first noticed him, shining that menacing grin from his framed home on the wall. I was curious at first, and I went to the painting to take a closer look. His evil smile made me sick to my stomach, but it also calmed me. He nodded meaningfully, but I didn't understand. Then, he was in the room with me, motioning for me to go to the kitchen. I followed him as he led me closer to the whistling. As we reached my roommate, hand in hand, he began silently laughing, his whole body shaking with delight. He

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When I returned to the cabin this year, I thought about taking down the painting. But seeing him smiling there from the wall calmed my guilt, reassured me that I made the right choice. But now, stuck in the cellar with him taunting me, the whistling creeping in closer from the lake, I knew that the painting had to go.

I searched the walls on the cellar for anything that I could use for a foothold. I had to find a way out. I knew all too well that if I died in there, no one would ever find me. I found a crevice where the bricks had shifted, and jammed my foot into it as tight as I could. Carefully balancing my weight, I hoisted myself up. I just barely reached the top edge, but I gained confidence when my hand touched the grass on the ground above. It took several tries, but I finally managed to lift myself out.

I stayed still on the grass for a moment and breathed a sigh of relief. But when I opened my eyes, they were both there, standing over me. The red haired man with his manic smile, and my old roommate, blood still dripping from her head.

## Chapter 7 by AxiomXIII



I turned and ran for the door of the cabin, fleeing the knowing smile of the red haired man and refusing the questioning gaze of my old roommate. I could feel the accusation behind that gaze chasing behind me as I threw the door open and dove inside. Behind me, the door slammed to a close of its own volition.

The cabin's large great room, it's once inviting hearth now an ominous stone edifice, felt oppressive. The air was thick. Where sun should have shown through the a thin curtains, a flickering red glow pierced the darkness of the room. I squeezed my eyes closed, willing reality back into place, denying the apparition's power over me. I breathed in slowly. Held the breath until my lungs began to scream, and then let the breath escape with a whisper.

"Breakfast is ready," the voice of my roommate split the silence. "are you coming?"

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malevolent being might be listening was almost palpable.

My feet shuffled a final step forward. I cried out, a primal scream of guilt and pain as my arm began to bring the pan down just as my old roommate began to turn toward me.

### Chapter 8 by Obichezie



"Check-up", a lofty phrase, was the last thing he would endure from another. As time dribbled past, the entire episode flourished into an inconclusive crescendo.

Initially, he gave off the cowardly stench of a man who had invited the cat when he made himself a rat. "What should I do?", it appeared he ruminates.

Beyond the coffers of reason or doubt, within the threshold of certainty and chance, in the attempt to entice normality back into the void vacated by the air of subdued expectations, the scolding of that voice resonating perpetually in the cabin which was his head and any benefit thereof which the slightest vestige of calmness could afford him, he awoke just as the other voice blurted, "Last card!"

the end

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